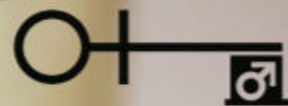


PENTHOUSE®

MARCH / APRIL 2023



THE PET
OF THE YEAR
ISSUE
FEATURING
AMBER MARIE

A TRUE
MAVERICK
REMEMBERING
RACER KEN BLOCK

THE FINE ART
OF CAMOUFLAGE
COMBAT BARBIE
GOES TO
AFGHANISTAN

with
BRYONA ASHLY
+
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THE calendar may say it's a little early for spring fever—but once you dig into this issue of *Penthouse*, you'll understand why temperatures are on the rise.

We're pleased to introduce our smoking hot 2022 Pet of the Year Amber Marie! The beautiful brunette initially graced our magazine as Pet of the Month for December 2021, and her brand-new pictorial, which begins on page 8, is even more sexy than her first!

Burlesque babe Bryona Ashly is our March Pet of the Month, and the elegant model's photos echo old-school pinups. Turn to page 54, and see for yourself that this modern marvel is gorgeous in a classic corset—but by reading her interview, you'll learn how she refuses to be constrained by convention.

Fitness model Livv Fitt is the perfect combination of athleticism and female charm. Our terrifically toned April Pet of the Month has muscled her way into our hearts, but she's not afraid to show her softer side. See every side of Livv in her pictorial, which starts on page 76.

In this issue, we also catch up with March 2022's Pet Stormi Maya. Turn to page 38 to learn all that the accomplished model and actress has been up to since joining the Penthouse family.

Cyber Cutie Leila Leduc is a fashionable camgirl from Colombia, and the globe-trotting gal reveals why she's one of the world's hottest online models on page 28, and on page 38, Social Premier Minnie Michele shows us exactly why she's one of Hawaii's most stunning sights!

As always, we have plenty of interesting articles. This issue's offerings focus on the accomplished career of late racer Ken Block, Dana White's Power Slap League, Damar Hamlin's off-field victory and the controversy swirling around glamorous wrestler Mandy Rose. Enjoy!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM



PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANDY ROSE IS BLOOMING

THE FORMER WWE SUPERSTAR IS ENJOYING THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

BY JENNIFER PETERS

YOU likely remember Mandy Rose from Penthouse’s “Femme Fatales” feature in the January/February issue. As one of the hottest women of the WWE, Mandy took our breath away—and not because she gave us a “Kiss from a Rose,” otherwise known as a knee to the face, her signature finishing move. But within moments of our last issue hitting newsstands, Mandy was expelled from the WWE! The previous NXT women’s champion lost her belt and got the boot in the same week, with Roxanne Perez—aka the Iron Survivor—taking her title and the WWE taking her job.

While Mandy’s defeat was more bitter than sweet, her termination from the WWE was unrelated. Instead, the bronzed blonde was ousted from the federation after she’d posted racy photos and videos on a subscription site, violating the company’s contract which prohibits wrestlers from participating in third-party business ventures without the WWE’s explicit permission.

While the WWE hasn’t released an official statement about Mandy’s untimely ousting, we know a few things about the still-unfolding fiasco. First, Mandy’s images were posted on FanTime, which allows athletes to share self-made content with their biggest champions. According to those in the know, the shots that particularly caught the ire of the WWE included a tantalizing skinny-dip as well as images of Mandy showering with her fiancé, former pro wrestler Tino Sabbatelli.

However, fans and experts consider the superstar’s release a mistake. Actor, podcast host and longtime wrestling fan Freddie Prinze Jr. noted in a recent episode of Wrestling with Freddie that letting go of Mandy may be “the first fumble” former wrestler Triple H has made since taking on a corporate role with the WWE in 2010.

What may have fanned the flames is the fact that Mandy was, at the time of her risqué postings, active on the WWE’s roster. Other wrestlers who’ve chosen to bare it all have done so after retirement or while fighting under other federations, such as NWA, AEW and Impact Wrestling.

Mandy said she’d have considered removing her scintillating content if the WWE had asked. Meanwhile, fans accused the organization of hypocrisy as it had long relied on her sex appeal as a selling point. In fact, while Mandy was

apparently penalized for her provocative pics, the WWE previously shot promotional photos with her posing nearly nude. “What’s the definition of racy?” she asked the New York Post. “The photo of me with two titles—I was completely naked underneath. That’s considered a racy photo, right?”

Mandy’s so-called misbehavior was allegedly brought to the attention of her WWE superiors by a male colleague. Longtime combat sports journalist Dave Meltzer reported in his Wrestling Observer newsletter that Jason Bloom, a WWE trainer and retired wrestler, ratted out Mandy to Shawn Michaels, another retired wrestler and current Senior Vice President of Talent Development Creative for the WWE. While it’s unclear how Bloom may have been alerted to Mandy’s content, he may have inadvertently done her a big fat favor.

Within weeks of the siren’s sacking, she announced that she’d already pulled in \$1 million from her still active FanTime account, which features bikini and lingerie shots, live chats, and, according to messages posted under previous subscriber posts, pussy photos. Though we can’t confirm these are still being shared.

Most professional wrestlers, particularly those in the WWE, aren’t exactly rolling in dough. Many pull in less than \$100,000 a year, and they’re often responsible for their own health insurance as independent contractors. So losing her WWE gig isn’t likely to have a major impact on Mandy’s bottom line.

More than that, though, Prinze thinks her “retirement” won’t last long. “So they let her go, and she—I guess in 90 days—will be a free agent and able to wrestle wherever she wants. Although I’m sure they said, ‘We’ll keep the door open.’ But that just means, ‘Yeah, if you give us our cut. If we get 10 or 20 percent of whatever you pull in a month, because we made you, then yeah come on back.’ And I’m sure they asked that, and I’m sure she said, ‘Go to hell, I’m not giving you a dime of this money,’” Prinze said, adding: “We wish you well, Mandy Rose. I’m sure you’re gonna be picked up on Day 91, as soon as your no-compete clause is released.”

Like Prinze, we’ll be keeping our eyes on the no-nonsense New Yorker. If Mandy Rose has proven anything during her short but storied pro wrestling career, it’s that even when she’s up against the ropes, you can’t count her out. **1**





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PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR

WINNER'S CIRCLE



AMBER MARIE

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR









AMBER MARIE

ALLURING Amber Marie is a total smokeshow, and we're proud to present the busty brunette as the 2022 Penthouse Pet of the Year! The voluptuous vixen is a natural in front of the camera, and her seductive charms make her cam shows utterly unforgettable. Since Amber was named December 2021's Pet of the Month, she's only seen her popularity grow—and has won over even more fans with her work on PenthouseCams!

With her sunny personality and outgoing nature, Amber is beautiful both inside and out. She's also adventurous—and more than a little bit naughty! The daring West Coast native tells *Penthouse* she once had sex at a public park and admits she prefers to leave her panties at home!

Amber reveals her good looks do sometimes get her into trouble because “I’m a bad girl—in the very best way!”

What are some of your hobbies?

Painting, drawing and photography. I’m very artsy.

What is your favorite way to relax?

Hanging out at the beach with a piña colada.

What’s one of your pet peeves?

People hanging around in the kitchen while I’m cooking!

How would you describe yourself?

I can be silly and goofy. I have a good sense of humor, and I’m a very giving person.

What’s the most daring thing you’ve ever done?

When I was just 18, I moved across the country from Oregon to Florida, a state where I didn’t know anybody!

What’s your favorite vacation destination?

Saint Lucia in the Caribbean.

Describe your ideal date.

A nice dinner, mini-golf and some foreplay.

What’s the sexiest quality someone can possess?

A good heart.👉

AGE: 28

HEIGHT: 5’1”

MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-22-24

HOMETOWN: Portland, Ore.

TWITTER: @amberg_vip

INSTAGRAM: @amberg_



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Amber
Marie







TO SEE MORE PHOTOS OF AMBER MARIE
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A TRUE MAVERICK

EXPLORING THE HIGH-OCTANE LEGACY
OF LATE RALLY RACER KEN BLOCK

LATE legend Ken Block truly lived by his inspiring motto: GO FAST RISK EVERY THANG. Before the dynamo's tragic death at age 55 in a snowmobile accident in Utah on Jan. 2, Block made an indelible mark on athletic fashion, motorsports, car culture and entertainment. Though the world lost a tremendous talent far too soon, his lasting legacy will be felt for years to come.

Skateboarding buffs first knew of Block through California-based DC Shoes, the company he co-founded in 1994. Regarded as a leader in skateboard kicks, DC Shoes eventually branched out and became a renowned action sports brand, which still operates today.

Next, Block roared onto the rally car scene in 2005. That season he notched five top five finishes and placed third overall in the Group A class and fourth overall in the Rally America National Championship, so it's no wonder he earned Rally America's Rookie of the Year award.

But that was just the beginning for Block.

The following year, he competed in the first-ever X Games rally event and took home the bronze at X Games XII—an impressive start for his ten-year stretch in the high-profile contest, which saw him earn a total of five medals.

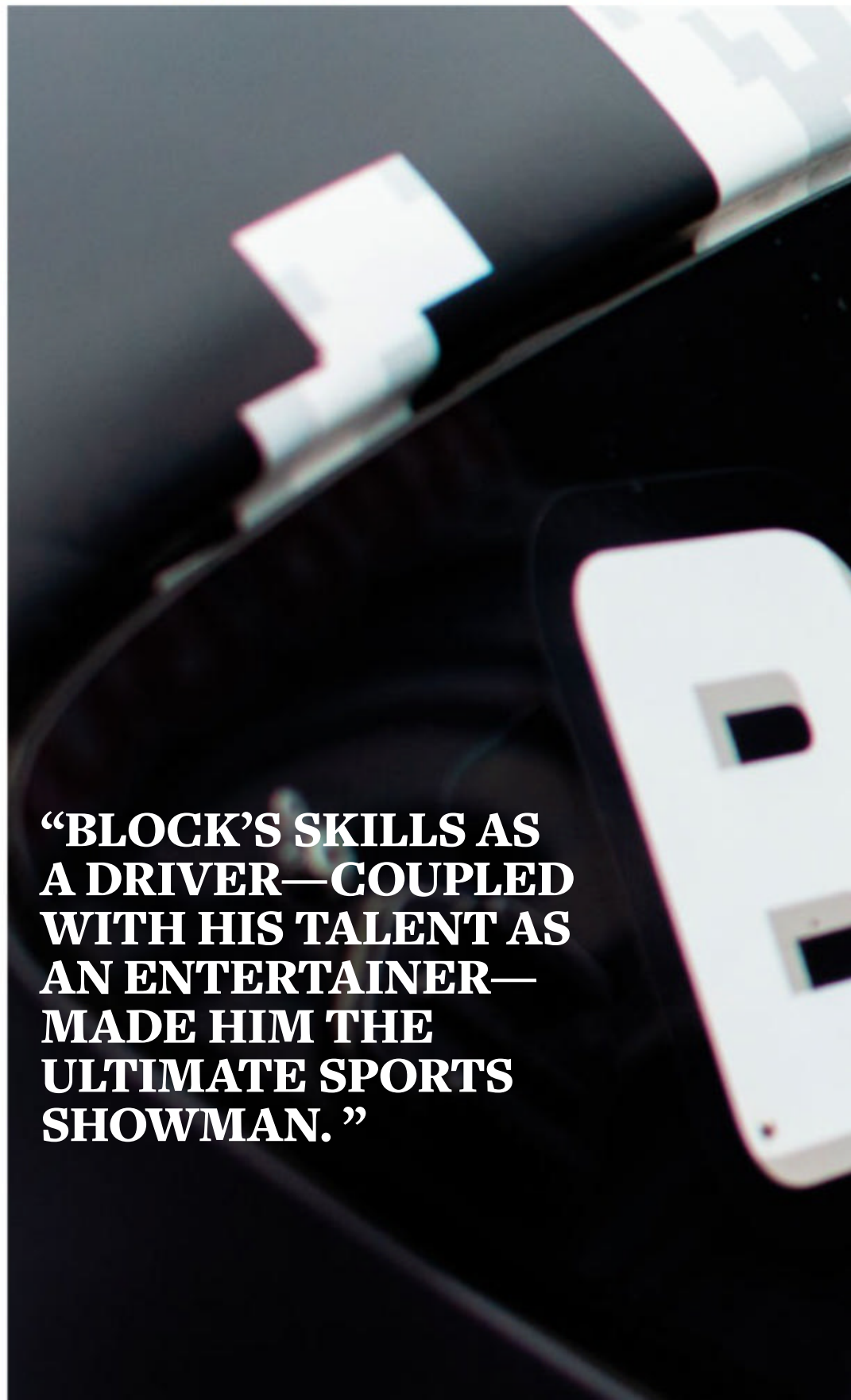
Block also charged into American and European rallycross racing, racking up numerous wins and podium appearances. He next became a social media phenomenon with his jaw-dropping Gymkhana videos, which have drawn more than 600 million views on YouTube.

In basic terms, Gymkhana is the epitome of precision driving—putting the pedal to the metal and navigating a challenging obstacle course at top speed. Though Block made it look easy, there's nothing simple about his phenomenal feats behind the wheel.

His online video debut in the aughts was born from a perfect storm. *The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift* showed mass audiences how cool tire-shredding could be, and an army of thrill seekers armed with GoPro cameras craved real-life action. Video-sharing platforms were about to explode, and after years of the same old, same old, car culture was primed for the nonstop adrenaline jolts delivered by his stylized clips.

Block's vehicular mayhem was imbued with snowboarding and skateboarding's energy, the go-for-broke attitude of MTV's *Jackass* and an exhilarating sense of fun. But the videos also showed a master at work. Block's skills as a driver—coupled with his talent as an entertainer—made him the ultimate sports showman. In 2009 for the BBC show *Top Gear*, Block even took James May out for a Gymkhana-style spin in California—furthering his international audience reach.

He redefined how cars would be portrayed in new



“BLOCK’S SKILLS AS A DRIVER—COUPLED WITH HIS TALENT AS AN ENTERTAINER—MADE HIM THE ULTIMATE SPORTS SHOWMAN.”







media, and in the process, he displayed a whole lot of personality—and no shortage of business savvy.

An ordinary man's tank might have been running on empty by that point. But as you must have noticed, Block was anything but ordinary.

In 2010, he formed Hoonigan Racing Division, a team that competes in the American Rally Association. After selling his stake in DC Shoes, he shifted his off-track business focus to Hoonigan Industries, an apparel brand for auto enthusiasts. He also branched out into video games, appearing in three installments of Codemasters' *Dirt* series, and Hoonigan-branded cars were featured in Microsoft's *Forza* series.

In 2021, Block—ever the innovator—collaborated with Rotiform and Fuel Off-Road through Wheel Pros to make four types of signature tires he used on his souped-up rides. And the Hoonigan Racing Division continued pushing the engineering envelope in 2022 by partnering with BBi Autosport to create the “Hoonipigasus,” a 1400hp Porsche SVRSR.

Fellow rally racer Tanner Foust says, “I think it's hard to quantify the impact Ken had on the automotive world. He was a maverick and a pioneer in a lot of ways.

“Besides the driving and the speed that he had in rally racing, and rallycross, he—off-track—was a business maverick.

“He started DC Shoes in his garage. He started many companies from nothing and built them into multi-million dollar companies.”

He says Block helped transform the way drivers partnered with sponsors by demonstrating how content creation offered another avenue to connect with audiences.

Foust explains, “He really paved the way for drivers, in my opinion, to market themselves differently in motorsport. He showed racers that we have a different way to market ourselves, and it wasn't always about results on the track.”

Foust also praises Block for how he used “his sheer grit and energy and marketing genius and driving ability” to create a brand that eclipsed some of the biggest automotive names in the world.

Shortly after Block's death, the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA) announced in 2023 it was retiring his number 43 from the World Rally Championship (WRC).

“Given the enormous contribution our great friend Ken Block made to motorsport and the fact that he was held in such high regard by people the world over, it is entirely appropriate that his #43 will be withdrawn from use during the 2023 WRC season,” FIA President Mohammed Ben Sulayem shared in a statement.

“While it's a small gesture, we hope that it is one that will bring some comfort to his family and friends.

“Ken was a true legend, and the memory of this true legend will live with us forever.” 

To learn more about Hoonigan Racing and Hoonigan Industries—and see videos of Ken Block in action—visit: hoonigan.com.

CYBER CUTIE

LOVELY IN LACE



LEILA LEDUC

PENTHOUSE
 **CAMS**







Leila
Leduc







LEILA LEDUC

FASHIONABLE camgirl Leila Leduc is a flirtatious beauty who thrills her online fans with her sexy shows. But our Cyber Cutie is also an ambitious businesswoman who has designs on building her lingerie brand, Bellart Sensuality. This independent adventurer loves traveling the globe and learning about new cultures, but she's just as happy to be a homebody curled up in bed with her two adorable Chihuahuas!

When the longtime model isn't posing for the camera—or strutting her way down the world's catwalks—she's focused on her budding business. But the bighearted babe is also devoted to expanding her efforts to rescue stray dogs and make an impact on the lives of animals.

This smoldering stunner is fired up to make her mark on the world—and we can tell she's destined for big things!

What do you like most about your hometown of Medellín?

I love the culture and the city's charismatic people—and its beautiful weather!

What do you like to do in your spare time?

I really like to read books and educate myself on fashion concepts and sales techniques, and I also enjoy watching TV. Some of my favorite shows are *Sex and the City*, *The Vampire Diaries* and *Peaky Blinders*.

What's the most exciting place you've ever had sex?

At the top of a mountain!

If you could be anything for a day, what would you choose?

Oh, I'd like to be a dog for a day to understand why they are always so happy! 🐕

AGE: 25

HEIGHT: 5'3"

MEASUREMENTS: 32B-21-31

NATIVE COUNTRY: Colombia

INSTAGRAM: @bellartsensuality

CAM SITE: leila-leduc.flirt4free.com

WEBSITE: bellart.com.co

GRIDIRON GRIT

HOW BUFFALO BILLS PLAYER DAMAR HAMLIN SCORED THE ULTIMATE VICTORY

AMERICA held its breath when Buffalo Bills safety Damar Hamlin collapsed and lay motionless on the field at Ohio's Paycor Stadium on Jan. 2. His team had been battling the Cincinnati Bengals when the young athlete suffered cardiac arrest. But the Bills' Denny Kellington is being hailed as a hero for administering CPR to the stricken player before a defibrillator was used to restart his heart—and experts say the quick-thinking assistant trainer likely saved the NFL pro's life.

Hamlin, who turns 25 on March 24, fell to the grass after landing a routine hit on Bengals' receiver Tee Higgins in the first quarter of the game—and medical personnel immediately sprang into action.

The collision wasn't particularly violent, yet Hamlin had to be carried from the field as stunned players and fans looked on. The Pennsylvania native was rushed to the intensive care unit at University of Cincinnati Medical Center, where he was placed on a ventilator until he could breathe on his own.

Doctors shared updates on the jock's "remarkable improvement" during those first critical days—especially when Hamlin awoke from a coma to ask in writing who'd won the game, which they pointed to as proof he was "neurologically intact."

Irreparable brain injuries can occur quickly in those suffering cardiac arrest because cerebral tissue begins dying within minutes of oxygen deprivation—which is why experts say Kellington's swift application of CPR likely made all the difference.

Before a week had passed, Hamlin shared a Zoom call with his teammates.

"We were able to hear him say, 'I love you boys,' to the team and to the people in the room," says Bills head coach Sean McDermott.

The coach reveals Hamlin's overjoyed teammates "stood up right away and clapped for him."

After a week at UC Medical Center, Hamlin was given the all-clear to be

transferred to a facility in New York. Shortly afterward, the Bills announced he was discharged from Buffalo General Medical Center following a "comprehensive medical evaluation" to continue his rehabilitation at home and at the team's facilities.

"One of the reasons Hamlin had such good neurologic outcomes and a week later was tweeting with friends was that he had early CPR and early defibrillation," says Dr. Mary Ann Peberdy, a professor of medicine and emergency medicine at Virginia Commonwealth University, who was not involved with the player's treatment.

Marketing rep Jordon Rooney says his "upbeat" pal continues to work on his recovery, and Hamlin tweeted, "The Love has been overwhelming, but I'm thankful for every single person that prayed for me and reached out. We brung the world back together behind this. If you know me, you know this only gone make me stronger. On a long road, keep praying for me!"

The very fact that Hamlin is alive shows the vital importance of athletic trainers and on-field medical personnel. Many cases of cardiac arrest don't have such positive outcomes, given that they primarily occur outside of a setting where swift professional care is available.

"In the best circumstances, maybe one or two out of 10 are going to survive," notes Dr. Howie Mell, a Chicago-based emergency room physician. "But the public believes it's nine out of 10. Hollywood changes the perception."

In fact, a 2017 study found defibrillation and cardiac arrest survival outcomes are often portrayed inaccurately on television dramas as the need to wrap up an entertaining plotline by the end of an episode doesn't necessarily jibe with reality.

As for the Bills-Bengals game, it was ultimately canceled by NFL officials. But Dr. Timothy Pritts, a Professor of Surgery at UC Medical Center, says, "When he asked, 'Did we win?' the answer is 'Yes. You know, Damar, you won. You won the game of life.'" 





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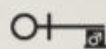
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MINNIE MICHELE

HAWAII has many stunning sights—and beguiling brunette Minnie Michele is one of the Aloha State’s best! Our gorgeous Social Premier has made her mark online, but this alluring influencer also lives life to the fullest offline by enjoying local nightclubs, spending time in the gym, playing golf and hitting the shore. She confides, “I LOVE the beach! I can’t live without it. Everything about the ocean is therapy to me.”

Bubbly and sweet, Minnie has a great sense of humor—and a wild side. The beach babe shares the wildest place she’s ever had sex was out in the ocean on a surfboard in the middle of Waikiki!

The dark-eyed goddess admits she’s not afraid of change. She’s proud of her constant evolution and willingness to always work on herself. But as far as we can see, she’s sheer perfection! 🏌️

FAST FACTS

- Favorite drink: “An espresso martini—extra sweet, please!”
- Former jobs: “Real estate agent, personal trainer and claims adjuster for an auto insurance company to name a few.”
- Favorite sport: “I love to play and watch golf!”
- What she does in her spare time: “I am a huge foodie, so you’ll always catch me grabbing a bite somewhere with friends!”
- Her future goals: “To be rich AF in every way—finances, health and opportunities.”

AGE: 28

HEIGHT: 5’3”

MEASUREMENTS: 34D-24-34

INSTAGRAM: @minniemichelexx

TWITTER: @minniemichelexx

TIKTOK: @minniemichele

Minnie Michele

POWER SLAP SMACKDOWN

DANA WHITE HITS BACK AT CRITICS AS THE POWER SLAP LEAGUE BATTLES TO THE FOREFRONT

COMBAT sports was knocked for a loop with the arrival of the Power Slap League. Billed as the world's premier slap fighting organization, it's led by Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC) mastermind Dana White and highlights the brutal strength of unflinching competitors who put it all on the line for a shot at glory, while displaying their raw power and steadfast resolve.

Power Slap made its broadcast debut on TBS in January—but make no mistake. This isn't some sort of reality TV contest. It is an honest-to-God sport, with male and female divisions, and it's officially licensed and sanctioned by the Nevada State Athletic Commission.

The rules are simple. A coin toss determines who launches the first blow. The bouts are arranged by MMA weight classes and typically last three rounds. In each, both competitors have the opportunity to deliver a single strike to their opponent's face—using their fingers and palm above the wrist simultaneously—and the obligation to receive their opponent's strike in return.

Like boxing and MMA, Power Slap judging is based on a 10-point must system, with a round winner scoring 10 points and the loser scoring nine or fewer—and of course, KO and TKOs deliver victories to heavy hitters.

Strikers can accumulate fouls for clubbing—making contact outside the designated facial zone—or illegal wind-ups, and defenders, who hold their hands behind their back, can get zotted for flinching or blocking.

The sport came charging out of the gate, drawing 1 million viewers on the video-sharing platform Rumble—and a clip on the league's TikTok account (@powerslap) showing Jewel “Kidd Diamond” Scott's powerhouse knockout of Anthony Green has garnered more than 100 million views and counting!

But critics have taken aim at Power Slap, arguing it glorifies violence for violence's sake.

However, Power Slap president Frank Lamicella, who oversees all daily operations—including the safety of the fighters—recently drew parallels between the league and the early days of the UFC.

Lamicella says, “The criticisms of Power Slap are almost identical to those the UFC received in the late '90s and early '00s. Credit

to [former UFC CEO] Lorenzo Fertitta and Dana White on pressing ahead notwithstanding those criticisms. Otherwise, we wouldn't have the UFC that is beloved by fans around the world today.”

He admits, “We knew Power Slap would ‘disrupt the disrupted.’ Those scrolling through their content feeds pause when they see a Power Slap match.”

Prickly pundits have also decried the supposed lack of defense, which Lamicella calls a “misguided” notion. He explains, “While traditional evasion defense may not be used, there are other defensive techniques that our athletes are learning and will only get better at—for example, timing and precision to roll with a slap but not commit a flinching foul, learning the proper balance of tenseness and strength training to build the head, neck and upper body muscles.”

He also points out there are a litany of health and safety requirements which are met for each match. All athletes must pass strict medical testing, including brain scans, physicals and eye exams, and there is additional comprehensive testing for those aged 38 or older.

Given all of the attention Power Slap has received, it is impossible to deny that White, 53, understands what audiences crave. Just look at his track record: The sports mogul has helmed the UFC as president since 2001, and under his savvy stewardship it has grown to a multibillion-dollar enterprise with a global fan base that shows no sign of waning.

White also knows how to roll with the punches. He's countered criticism of his latest enterprise by pointing out Power Slap warriors take three to five slaps per event while “fighters in boxing take 300 to 400 punches per fight.”

Boldly addressing detractors, White says, “Nobody's asking you to watch. Oh, you're disgusted by it? Watch *The Voice*.”

To learn more about the Power Slap League and its strikers, visit powerslap.com



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TAKING THE WORLD BY STORM



THE SPICY CINNAMON BABE IS A CLASS ACT!

STAR LOUNGE

Melody Adams
Stormi Maya

H. Phase Production





TALENTED Stormi Maya has had a whirlwind year since she was named March 2022's Penthouse Pet. The petite powerhouse has continued to follow her dreams and further her multitrack career as an actress, model and vocalist fronting the nu-metal band Cinnamon Babe. We're catching up with the dynamic performer and learning about all she's done since joining the Penthouse family.

Stormi, 27, confides 2022 was a "great" year for her and shares, "I felt like I reached so many goalposts and accomplished so much!"

The native New Yorker says shortly before her issue hit the stands, she shot the show *Heaux Phase*, a streaming TV series about a teenage girl who becomes pregnant and has to figure out life.

"It was my first time leading my own TV show, and we filmed 11 one-hour episodes in two months out in Atlanta," says Stormi. "It was hard work, 12 to 14 hour days, every day, and a ton of lines to remember."

But the beauty didn't rest on her laurels and says, "Right after filming that show, I went to NYC to film for HBO Max, working on season two of *That Damn Michael Che*! It was a great experience

going back home to NYC for a week. I was able to see my family and friends!"

In March, Stormi notched another career highlight—being named a Penthouse Pet!

The cover girl gushes, "I was so excited. I could finally tell the world I was a Penthouse Pet. I was so happy!"

"I shot my pictorial around November 2021, but I wasn't allowed to say anything until the issue hit the newsstand! My followers were so happy to see me on the cover of *Penthouse*. I decided to do a free magazine giveaway for my followers to promote my rock band Cinnamon Babe's debut single 'Pure O.' The metal community was shook when I dropped my first song in March. No one expected me to be a metal artist. Our music went viral that summer with our song 'Rock 'N' Roll Is Black!' It broke the genre."

But that's not all, Stormi was also on MTV!

"I was on a reality show called *Secret Relationship* on MTV! The best part is they even licensed my music to use! I had my own one-hour episode on MTV! How epic is that?!" she says.

July brought another prominent role for Stormi in Irv Gotti's debut movie, *We Made It in America*, which is based on his BET series *Tales*.

"I play the role of Shay, the third lead.

The filming was in Atlanta and was about a month straight," she says.

"It's hard living in a hotel for long stretches, but it's always worth it. I have to live off of microwave food, and living in a single room can get boring, but I'm there to focus on work. The movie will be in theaters soon."

Stormi reveals, "My band, Cinnamon Babe, continued to gain popularity throughout the year due to everyone's support—including Penthouse. I appreciate them using my music in my Penthouse videos, sharing our posts and even giving me a rock-'n'-roll themed shoot for the magazine."

By the time winter rolled around, Cinnamon Babe was playing live shows in Los Angeles and doing charity events—including a performance for the nonprofit Project 43 LA.

"We raised money to help the children of the community get Christmas gifts, and we raised awareness for the center," she says.

"I am very proud of my 2022, and I feel so blessed and appreciative," says stunning Stormi. "I know 2023 will have more in store—and I am excited to see what's next!" 

INSTAGRAM: [@stormimaya](https://www.instagram.com/stormimaya)

WEBSITE: stormimaya.net

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MARCH PET OF THE MONTH

PINUP GIRL



BRYONA ASHLY

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR







“I CRAVE NEW EXPERIENCES!”
– BRYONA ASHLY





BRYONA ASHLY

STYLISH stunner Bryona Ashly is the epitome of sensual elegance—and we're thrilled to name her our March Pet of the Month. The hazel-eyed hottie has wowed audiences for five years as a burlesque performer, and in her free time, beautiful Bryona enjoys dreaming up new costumes for her act. But this creative spirit also has designs on a dynamic future. When asked where she pictures herself in five years, the talented California girl says, "I see myself starting my own lingerie line and my own burlesque show, all while still creating amazing nude content for my fans."

We think this glittering star is already dazzling—and we can't wait to see her shine even brighter!

Describe your ideal partner.

Someone who is confident. Someone who is kind, knows how to have fun and doesn't take themselves too seriously. Someone who can make me laugh. I also love being physically active, so definitely someone who likes to work out. Most importantly, someone who is supportive and accepting of what I do.

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

Japan. I am obsessed with the idea of living in Tokyo.

What do you enjoy most about working in burlesque?

I get to travel the world performing in beautiful theaters and share my art with new audiences every night. It's really a magical, empowering experience.

Do you collect anything?

I have a very large collection of Christian Louboutin shoes, some of which have been made for me by Louboutin. I also have a huge collection of vintage clothes and accessories dating back to the 1900s.

What gets you in trouble?

Definitely my curiosity. I'm also very much a free spirit and like to do what I want when I want. I crave new experiences and don't like feeling stuck in one place, so you could say that also gets me into trouble!

Name something that's on your bucket list.

I really want to have sex on an airplane. I hope I can cross that one off soon!🍷

AGE: 28

HEIGHT: 5'6"

MEASUREMENTS: 34D-24-36

HOMETOWN: Kelseyville Calif.

TWITTER: @bryona_ashly

INSTAGRAM: @Bryona_Ashly

WEBSITE: BryonaAshly.com











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Bryona
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COMBAT BARBIE COMES CLEAN

LAUREN JOHNSON'S MILITARY MEMOIR UNPACKS
THE BRUTAL TRUTH ABOUT DEPLOYMENT
BY TERESA FAZIO



I COULDN'T look away from the train wreck of Afghanistan," admits Lauren Johnson, a former Air Force public affairs officer. "I'd been on the train. Maybe I'd even steered it." *The Fine Art of Camouflage*, Johnson's new memoir, is a book about the stories a nation's veterans—and parents and children—tell ourselves and each other when the truth is too painful to confront directly.

The pull toward military service is not solely the domain of weapons-dripping, musclebound men. Johnson inherited a call to serve from her mother, a nurse in the Army Reserves, who'd deployed to the Gulf War when Johnson was seven.

"Though I may not have enlisted to become a woman," she acknowledges, "the woman I most loved and admired had done the same."

Despite a subsequent family pact that no one else join the military "because one deployment was enough," the twin lures of post-9/11 patriotism and a college ROTC scholarship enticed Johnson into an Air Force officer's uniform and a job in public affairs—or military journalism. Having earned the nickname "Combat Barbie" in training (a pink paint round exploded all over her uniform), she deployed to Afghanistan in 2009 as part of a Provincial Reconstruction Team. There, her job involved information operations—creating media spin to frame the American war effort in a positive light.

On the surface, a Provincial Reconstruction Team leverages "soft power," winning hearts and minds by delivering ambulances, immunizing children, teaching women about their rights and overseeing construction projects—all with an eye toward building public support for the government and disputing the insurgency's claims to legitimacy. Initially, Johnson was an idealistic 25-year-old, but the longer she was deployed in Afghanistan, the more she observed redundant bureaucracy, seesawing goals and a Sisyphean struggle to measure so-called progress.

"Our operations in Afghanistan were based largely on theory, and wishful thinking," she writes, as the Afghans expected the Americans to fund more projects than those for which time or money existed. Still, she was expected to help the war effort in the face of blunders. "If a military operation damaged property, if Americans faced blame for an attack, if a contractor abandoned a construction site or a government official failed to deliver on a promise to his citizens, I issued Band-Aids in the form of words." She wanted to back the opinions she was offering to the Afghan public as she strove to influence their opinion, "to





“VETERANS’ HONESTY ABOUT OUR WAR STORIES—EVEN PAINFUL OR SHAMEFUL ONES—CAN HELP US HEAL.”

believe the promises we made on behalf of the Afghan government: security, education, health care, rule of law, all in exchange for ink-stained fingers on Election Day.” Johnson writes a glowing op-ed praising the Afghan election in August 2009—propaganda, she admits later, hyped up on the story lines she’d been feeding the Afghan populace and herself.

During her nine-month deployment, she becomes skeptical about duplication of efforts and a lack of coordination between different units and agencies, the tension between the firehose of funding necessary to prop up a government and the need to account for it, and miscommunications in contingency planning. Her messages of hope and accomplishment soon ring hollow to her own ears, and her mix of anger and fear will be familiar to anyone who has also crouched in a bunker during missile attacks or raged at suicide bombers who’ve crashed base gates and threatened friends. The tipping point for Johnson arrives after an attack on Camp Chapman—a base she’d previously visited—on Dec. 30, 2009, which killed members of another Provincial Reconstruction Team and obliterated what thin sense of her trust remained. In her information operations job, she also becomes privy to grisly photos of a mysterious execution-style killing of Afghan women. This confirms her jaded cynicism and makes her suspect her role sharing the

“official” military message makes the war even worse.

Throughout, she strives not to worry her family, just as her mother strove to keep messages home light nearly two decades before. Shielding her relatives from her stress, Johnson writes, “I sprinkled small truths around. No one knew the whole story.” The cultural tropes of warrior stoicism and a girlishly cheerful facade combine to assist her one-woman public affairs effort. Though Johnson is especially close with her parents, deployment experiences were as yet too taboo to be shared between mother and daughter. She writes, “I wanted my parents to trust in the rose-tinted version of my war.”

Even upon returning from deployment and running into her mother’s arms, Johnson strives to “act normal” on a base in Florida, all the while feeling alien, grieving recently lost friends, and reacting strongly to news items from Afghanistan. She feels the stark disconnect between relief at seeing her family and feeling jarred by how much has changed; her nieces’ births and brother’s 21st birthday can’t be relived, nor can time with her dying grandfather. This sense of whirring numbness—of gingerly padding around a home that doesn’t quite feel like home while being ambushed by grief at odd intervals—will be familiar to veterans of any generation, as will the half-truths she tells her family in

attempts to keep them from worry.

It is only after drunkenly hitting bottom and seeking therapy that she confesses the painful scars of her deployment to her parents, deciding in tandem to leave the Air Force at the end of her four-year contract. She and her mother “peel away the scar tissue together,” and Johnson learns of her mother’s Gulf War terror awaiting nightly scud missile attacks and taping windows against potential explosions on an assumed suicide mission, and later carrying trauma while “diving back into her roles as wife and mother and everything else we heaped on her.” Returning from war in 1991, the elder Johnson was never encouraged to talk to anyone about her experiences. At the same time, she admits that it was harder for her to have a daughter deploy than for her to deploy herself.

The Fine Art of Camouflage is a new breed of memoir that traces war lineage through female generations. Now a mother of toddler twin girls, Lauren Johnson promises to tell them everything—and indeed dedicates her book to them—because they “deserve more than sound bites.”

In a world made of spin, veterans’ honesty about our war stories—even painful or shameful ones—can help us heal. **1**

*Teresa Fazio is a former Marine. Her book *Fidelis* is available now in paperback.*



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APRIL PET OF THE MONTH

PERFECT FITT



LIV FITT

PHOTOGRAPHER
AARON SOLORZANO











“I give the best blowjobs!”

– Livv Fitt



LIVV FITT

B LONDE beauty Livv Fitt has a rockin' bod, and it was music to our ears when she agreed to pose for *Penthouse*. The Portland native certainly puts a spring in our step, which made her a natural choice for April's Pet of the Month. She reveals, "I've always dreamed of being in *Penthouse*. I'm so honored to be a part of the family!"

Lovely Livv has worked as a fitness model for the past seven years, and it's easy to see why. Though she hones her fabulous figure with regular workouts, we're glad she's kept her lush curves. One look at her is enough to set your pulse racing. With cardio like that, who needs the gym?

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?

I would love to travel around the world and film fitness content in beautiful destinations.

What are your biggest turn-ons and turn-offs?

My turn-offs are being too clingy, needy and controlling, and my turn-ons are kisses on my neck, massages, being pinned against a wall and being tied up!

What qualities do you like most about yourself?

How passionate I am, my integrity and my love for others—and my sense of humor.

When are you happiest?

When I'm hiking with my dog to a beautiful waterfall or playing fetch with her on the beach. I also like to relax and unwind in a hot tub with a nice blunt and maybe a glass of wine.

What are your hidden talents?

I'm a great dancer, I'm extremely flexible—and I give the best blowjobs ever! 🍆

AGE: 25

HEIGHT: 5'2"

MEASUREMENTS: 34A-25-37

HOMETOWN: Portland, Ore.

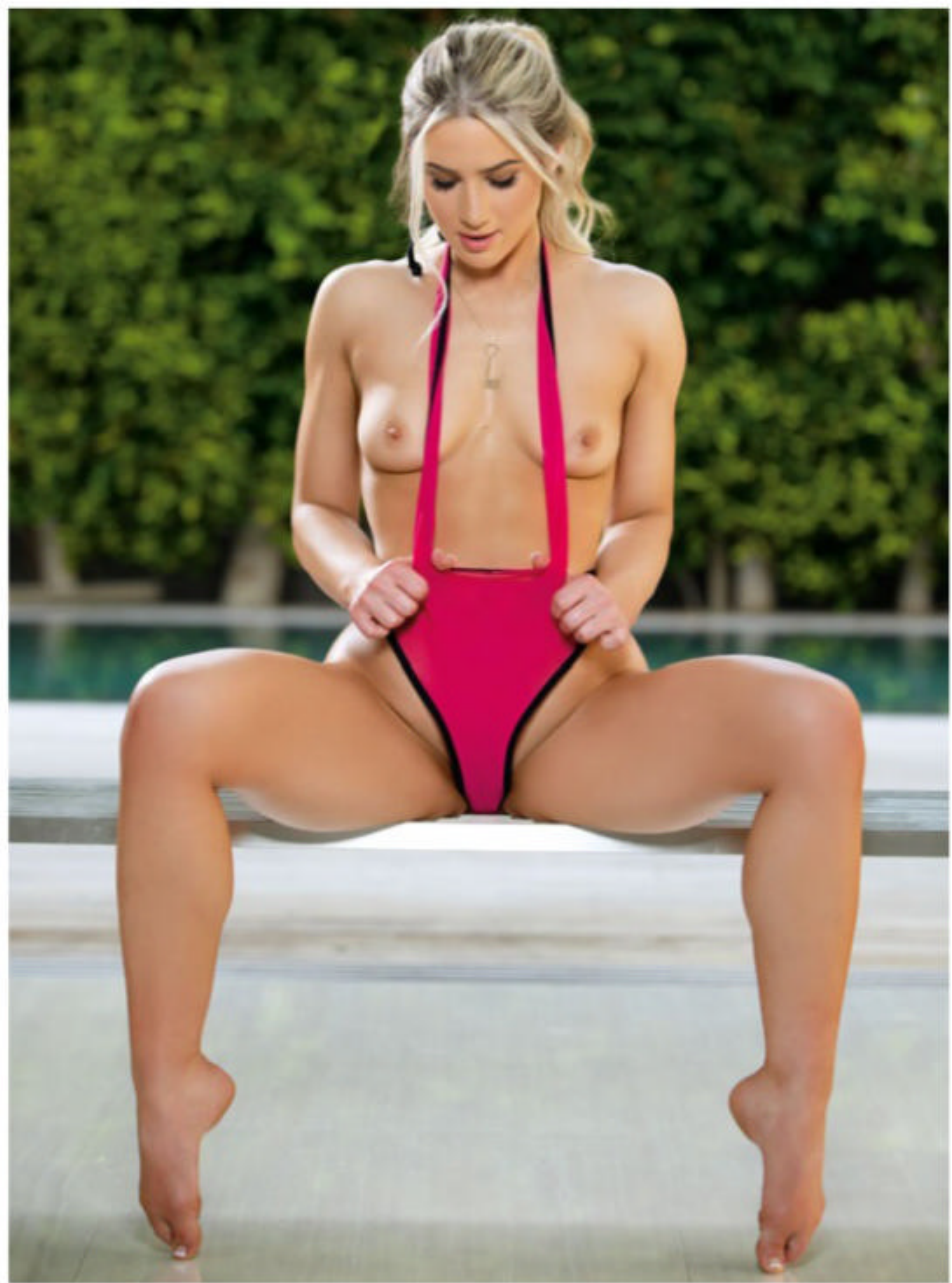
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Livv Fitt







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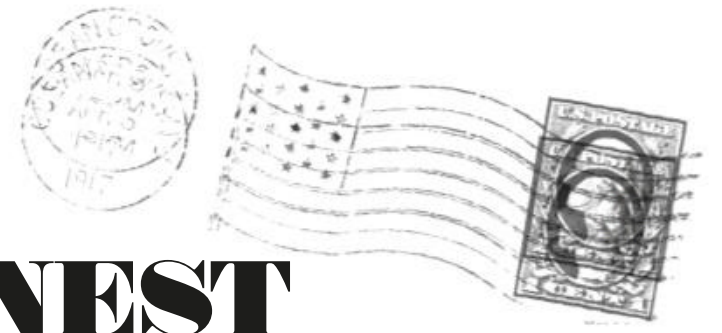
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FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

HEAT OF THE MOMENT

YOU don't usually know for certain the last time you're going to sleep with someone. Relationships don't often disintegrate according to any schedule. You might have a major disagreement, something that feels big enough to end things. But then there's the possibility of make-up sex. Even one-night stands might turn into two-nighters.

But I knew when I stepped into the rose-scented haven of Hina's bedroom with her that it would be the last time I would be with her. She was leaving, returning to Japan, and she wasn't coming back.

Hina was availing herself of a great business opportunity, but her family also really wanted to see her again. I couldn't—and didn't—begrudge her decision. We'd had great times together, but there wasn't anything I could do to keep her by my side.

At least we were having one final night of passion.

My senses were all tuned up to their highest gain. It was like my body recognized what my brain and heart already knew: I would soon be without the delicate and fulfilling joys of Hina.

So I was desperately aware of the lingering floral scent of her room, derived from the candles she sometimes burned. The whisper of our feet on the carpeting was a roar in my ears. My eyes picked out individual dust motes spinning frailly in the air.

As my fingers opened her blouse, I keenly felt the texture of its pearl buttons. When we kissed, the taste of her mouth was a savory jolt to my tongue.

But I didn't let the melancholic backdrop interfere with the forepieces of our set. This was our last performance. But there is beauty in a finale—knowing you're there to see it, recording it in your own soul and preserving it that way.

We kissed long and deep, and we busily

undid snaps and belts as we made out. By that point, we had all the shorthand down. There were no miscues or unnecessary hesitations. She certainly wasn't inhibited with me, and I was as comfortable with her in a sexual setting as I'd ever been with anyone.

Maybe ours wasn't a romance to set the heavens afire, but we'd had a damn fine connection. And it was time to see things off in style.

Her bare skin was like satin. I took her up in my arms and carried her onto the bed. She looked up at me with dark, bewitching eyes. We lay down, kissing again. We were voracious, our tongues hungrily seeking each other.

I pulled her against me and felt the erect tips of her nipples, which were hardened with arousal. Her hands eagerly roamed over my body. She reached around to squeeze my ass, and I cupped one of her tits. She squirmed happily against me.

Hina reached between our bodies to fondle my balls, knowing just the right amount of pressure to use. I rubbed my stiffened cock against her flat belly, and pleasure hummed through me. My body might have known this was my send-off with Hina, but its needs were just as intense as they always were. I relished fucking this woman, and that night would be no exception.

We got seriously into it. I sucked her breasts, nibbling her hard nipples until she squealed. Then I moved down her body, parting her legs and applying my mouth to her streaming pussy. I tongued her slit and was rewarded with the gratification of her orgasmic triumph and the lush flavor of her juices, which flooded my mouth.

She, in turn, spent several minutes lavishly sucking my cock from knob to base. She deep-throated me with every expert plunge of her mouth and brought

me halfway to the brink.

At that point, we fucked like mad. She got on me, then I was atop her. Then we were rolling all about. Somehow we found ourselves on the carpet. Later, she was facing the wall, with her ass thrust out, and I was pounding her. She came and came again as we became a blur of sexualized mayhem. My cock was as hard as mahogany, while I slammed away at her pussy.

But finally I went over the top, and my dick released great spurts of cream. She came seconds after me, truly a final spin on the carnal merry-go-round. And we went out like that in a glory of jizzy, juicy bliss.

When she was gone, I decided what I would do. I wouldn't rush out to find my next bedmate. I could get by on the lingering afterglow of Hina's charms for a little while. Besides, I didn't trust what choices I might make while on the rebound.

Despite everything I'd told myself, I knew I really would miss her. Fiercely. I understood, with all the maturity of my years, that parting as we had was the right thing to do. Long-distance romances aren't for me. I didn't want to be her online boyfriend, and I certainly didn't have the money to go shuttling back and forth between the U.S. and Japan.

But she was a stark absence in my life in those first few days after her departure. So I decided instead of changing girlfriends, I would change my scenery. Hina and I had been at our peak during the hot summer months. So I would go somewhere cold, just for a while, a mini-vacation to sort myself out.

I was able to afford a plane ticket to a northern state. No place fancy, just a random city where I could really feel the weather. There wasn't snow yet, but the air was bracing. I felt it in my lungs.



Just about anywhere new can be exotic under the right circumstances. The city had its quaint places, parks worth wandering through, a museum to visit and funky little cafés locals probably didn't think twice about.

I let myself get caught up in the experience, like I was visiting somewhere romantic, even mythical, like a Paris of the mind. I roamed around in a pleasant daze, soaking up the landscape. Memories of Hina eased in my heart, becoming less fraught. She was turning into just that—a memory. It began to feel like I was really leaving her in the past, which was how it should be.

Midday on my third day I stopped at a café where I'd been getting my lunch. I sat at the counter and ordered. A moment later someone took the adjacent stool, even though there were plenty of other seats. I turned to meet the eyes of a woman, who gazed back at me with a curious smile on her attractive face.

"Hello again," she said.

"Uh, hello." I couldn't recall meeting her before, though I'd chatted in a friendly offhand manner with lots of people since my arrival.

She chuckled, and it was a pleasant sound.

"No, you don't know me," she said. "I own this place. I've seen you come in three days in a row. You always have this dreamy look on your face, like you just won the lottery."

It was my turn to laugh. I told her I was vacationing in her city—though I didn't specify why—and she seemed to find that charming and told me her name was Daphne.

We shook hands as I introduced myself. Her grip was firm, her skin soft. I studied her features a bit more closely. She was quite pretty. She looked fit, with the easy health of someone who has kept in shape her whole adult life.

I told her where I'd been around the city. She nodded and added, "I'm a native. Do you want to see the spots only the locals know about?"

"Are you offering to show me around, Daphne?"

"I am," she assured me.

Apparently, she could take off from work in the middle of the day. She took me out of the café, piled me into her car and took me on the grand tour. She readily acknowledged her small city didn't have any famous sights, but that didn't mean there wasn't lots of fun to be had.

She was right. She took me to an underground art gallery, a poetry reading at a coffeehouse, and the coolest comic book store I'd ever seen. She knew people wherever we went and cheerfully introduced me as her new friend. I liked the sound of that.

Soon she had her arm linked through mine as she guided me along, and the occasion started feeling very much like a date. There was a warmth emanating from her. I liked her laugh, and there

"I plunged into her snatch, gasping at the sweet clutch of her spasming muscles."

was an undeniable chemistry cooking between us.

But I had come up north to chill my spirit, right? This was supposed to be an excursion devoted to cleansing my romantic palate. Hina was long gone overseas, and I was to take a deep expunging breath before resuming my normal life.

I hadn't counted on Daphne, however. Evening was coming on. We'd spent the day together, and it had been wonderful. I thanked her for going to so much trouble over me. She squeezed my forearm, leaned in and planted a quick kiss on my cheek. I blushed—actually blushed—which warmed my face, despite the general crispness in the air.

"Aw shucks, Wyatt," she said, laughing. "It's been no trouble. Want to come back to my place for a cup of tea?"

I swear I felt the ground shift under my feet. I heard the offer behind her offer.

Certainly I was quite drawn to Daphne. But some last second doubt made me hesitate, and she said, "Well, maybe not then."

I broke out of my momentary paralysis to hastily say, "No! I mean, yes. Tea. I'd love to have tea."

She grinned and off we went.

When we walked in her front door, I felt a wave of warmth. A nice even heat permeated her apartment. I shivered, but it felt good. Amid the day's decidedly fun activities, I hadn't realized how the cold had been slowly seeping into my bones.

It was a cozy home. The tea made it feel even more so, as did Daphne, who sat next to me on the sofa with her legs tucked underneath her. She smiled, and a deeper heat bloomed within me.

She blew steam off her cup, and I stared at the circle her lips made.

"So, who was she?" Daphne asked.

I froze again and processed what she'd said. With a shrug, I told her about Hina, which also told her what I was doing in her small burg.

She brought her fingertips to my temple and slowly combed them back through my hair. The contact brought out another shiver in me, this one accompanied by a stirring of my cock.

"Poor fella," she said. "Let me kiss it better."

With that, our mouths came together. Her lips spread, and her tongue darted between mine. I drew her into my arms. I told myself not to rush things, then found her practically climbing on top of me. I quickly adjusted to her exuberance. Her body squirmed atop mine. She jammed her crotch shamelessly against the growing bulge in my pants. Her breasts heaved against me, and we were still kissing madly.

She broke our lip-lock and was practically panting as she said, "Bed."

We headed to her bedroom. The fading light streaming through the windows was soft, the air rich with her scent. We pawed at one another, standing at the foot of her bed, then paused long enough to strip.

Her bare body was magnificent. But I barely had time to ogle her full tits, her smooth thighs and the tempting mound

of her pussy before we tumbled onto her mattress.

I pulled her against me and felt her stiffened nipples grazing my flesh. My hand closed on one of her breasts, squeezing her soft tit. She gasped and cut right to the chase, reaching between us to grip my cock, and I groaned with pleasure. I liked her boldness, her decisiveness. She knew what she wanted, and it was me. I wondered if she'd had this scene in mind from the moment she'd sat beside me at her eatery.

She jerked my shaft while I plucked at her nipples. She had a blazing look in her eyes, and the aroma of her excitement was in the air. I drizzled pre-come onto her fingers. She brought her hand to her mouth, licked her knuckles clean, then wriggled her way down the bed.

She settled between my legs, scooping up my balls in one hand. Her head hovered over my pelvis, her open mouth above my waiting cockhead. Anticipation tingled wildly over every inch of me. She grinned at me, then dropped her warm mouth over my knob.

I sucked in air through my teeth as she sucked my cock into her eager mouth. Her lips were sealed tight. She swallowed my whole length in one fearless dive, and pleasure overwhelmed me.

She bobbed on my bone as heat continued to spread through me. My internal temperature was rising. Sweat beaded my forehead, and a great relaxing warmth was heating my flesh. I was rapidly heading toward the point of no return. I reached down to tug gently on her shoulder.

Her head came up just briefly enough for her to say, "Come in mouth!" Then she resumed sucking me. Her forthright command as much as her cocksucking skills sent me over the top. Seconds later, my balls tightened in her cradling hand and my jizz starting shooting across her tongue. Her mouth stayed in place, and I heard her swallowing every spurt.

She sat up, looking languid and sexy. In no time at all, she was climbing up my body, setting her knees on either side of my head and straddling my face. Her gleaming pussy loomed over me. I knew

what was expected and was eager to do it.

Daphne lowered herself onto my mouth. I got an immediate taste of her as her juices were already flowing. Her flesh was soft and warm, and when I speared my tongue up into her, she moaned softly.

She grabbed the headboard and rode my mouth. I tongued her swollen clit, and she humped my face harder. She ground herself against my lips, taking her pleasure from me and uttering a musical string of curses.

She came with hard jerks of her hips, thoroughly smearing her juices over the lower half of my face. I loved the hot flavor of her. Only when she'd given her last twitch did I realize my cock was fully hard again. New excitement hummed in my long-since thawed limbs, and my heart beat an impatient rhythm in my chest.

Cold hadn't been the answer. Heat was. The heat from this woman, the lovely warmth of sexual contact.

Her flesh was slick with exertion as I put her onto her back. Her eyes blazed with a languorous light as I moved on top of her. But fresh heat was stirring in her, too. I plunged into her dripping snatch, gasping at the sweet clutch of her spasming muscles. I stroked into her, and she rolled her hips to receive each of my thrusts.

Her tits bounced as I plowed her. Her lips were still flavored with my come. I kissed her anyway, knowing as our tongues met that she was getting a taste of her own pussy juice.

I drove deep, hitting her core. Her hands went to my shoulders, and her scrabbling fingers dug into my flesh. My whole body felt in motion, every loosened muscle at work.

She started to quake beneath me, and a cry built in her throat. I didn't let up because it was obvious she wouldn't want me to. I fucked her harder, our bodies coming together with loud smacks. She came so wildly she almost threw me off. I kept pounding her and was gratified at her visible satisfaction.

She eased me back and said, "Come on, do me doggy-style and shoot your hot load deep inside my snatch."

Daphne moved onto her hands and knees. Then she gripped the headboard again, this time thrusting out her sculpted ass.

I hurried in behind her and slotted my slick cock back into her. I liked the new angle, delighting in the feel of her ass in my two steadying hands. I stroked into her deeply once more, feeling her heat again and knowing I'd soon be unloading my spunk into her. But just as I was gearing up for a go-for-broke tempo, she cried out, "Put it in my ass. Come there."

I was shocked, but she spoke like a woman who knew what she wanted.

I pulled out, shifting my position slightly, and with my hand trembling, I brought my glossy cockhead to her rear opening. I eased in slowly, but my impatient lover rocked back hard on her knees. She impaled herself on my cock, taking me all the way, so my balls were flush against her body.

I was so deep in her that I felt the heavy pulse of her flesh all around my rod. A lovely ecstasy was broiling my soul. I set out to fuck her ass. She was thoroughly cooperative, thrusting back against me, totally in sync with my movements. I gripped her hips. I drove my cock forcefully, knowing I didn't need to be delicate, knowing she didn't want that at all.

I hammered her butt. She thrashed about, knocking the headboard against the wall. She flung her head from side to side. She was coming again, and I followed. A final urgent crisis gripped me, and I let go with hot spurt after hot spurt. It was fantastic, cleansing and affirming. I'd come to that place to renew myself, and I had found Daphne. She had given me what I really needed. Our heat mingled, and our mutual joy was enough to melt the city around us.

And I soon returned home to embrace my spring awakening.

—W. Kopp

Have you had a hot hookup with a sexy stranger? Why not share the torrid tale with your fellow readers? Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



PENTHOUSE FORUM

SPARKS FLY WHEN LOVERS GIVE IN TO THEIR CARNAL CRAVINGS

HOUSE PARTY

MOVIES have given sororities a reputation for being sex dens. Most active members will tell you that's completely untrue. But in my house, love is free and pleasure reigns supreme.

Honestly, I can't remember the last time I had sex with only one partner. It just doesn't happen. Every girl has established an open-door policy, and most are more than happy to join in one another's fun. We fuck each other, our friends, their boyfriends. School and life are stressful enough. Sex is our outlet, and we all indulge as often as we can.

Some girls have boyfriends or girlfriends, but I prefer to remain single. I figure there's no point in tying myself down when we're all having sex with each other anyway. Labels hardly seem important.

One afternoon, I came home to find two couples going at it on our living room floor. Without hesitation, I asked to join in and stripped.

"May I?" I cooed, my hand hovering close to my sorority sister Sasha's breast.

Smiling Sasha nodded, then she went right back to manhandling her boyfriend, Josh.

While I got busy playing with Sasha's body, another favorite fuck buddy caressed me. By that point, Annie was on all fours getting her pussy pummeled by Martin, but that didn't stop her from nudging my ass cheeks apart and slithering her tongue into my rear cleft. She's living proof that tying a cherry stem with your tongue is a sign of incredible sexual prowess.

Annie twisted her tongue like a corkscrew. The very tip swirled

around my rim again and again to stimulate the sensitive area, then she wiggled it right inside my backdoor.

"Oh shit! Annie!" I groaned.

That woman works absolute magic with her mouth.

When Annie had enough of my asshole, she snuck her fingers inside my slit. Feeling her shimmy into my pussy hole was a pleasant surprise. In my shock, I brought my teeth

"My mouth and pussy were already full of dick, when someone added their fingers to the mix."

down on Sasha's nipple.

"Fuck!" Sasha cried out ecstatically. She wound her fingers through my hair and pulled my face closer to her bosom. It seemed the sharp dose of pain from my teeth amplified the effects of Josh's dick pumping up into her pussy. She bounced on his bone while I sucked her tit, and Annie kept her hand parked between my legs.

Everyone was so focused on fucking that it took a minute for us to register that two more people had joined the party.

Jessica and her current hookup, David, had rocked up sometime between when Annie slipped a finger in my ass and Sasha turned the tables to take my own nip between her lips. I caught sight of David

sitting on the couch with his dick in hand and couldn't resist him.

I broke away from Sasha and Annie and crawled across the cushions strewn on the floor until David's dick was level with my lips. Then I stuck out my tongue and teased his crown. A tiny bead of pre-come had already collected at his tip, and I lapped up the glistening drop. I stroked David's balls in the hope that he would release more delicious fluid, then I closed my eyes to savor his unique flavor when I was rewarded with another drop.

One of the other men moved in behind me to slot himself into my sex. It could have been Martin, or even Josh, who—by the sounds of it—had just wrapped up with Sasha. It wouldn't be the first time Josh quickly found his second wind. The man is a fucking machine.

My mouth and pussy were already full of dick, when someone added their fingers to the mix. I guessed it was one of the girls—the digits seemed too delicate to belong to one of the boys. But those beautiful hands caressed my body and stroked my boobs as I let myself get carried away by ecstasy.

David ran his fingers through my hair, then he rested his hand at the back of my head to hold me steady while he bucked his hips. He fucked my mouth so hard his balls slapped against my chin. Their soft peach fuzz tickled me, eliciting a light giggle that reverberated against his shaft. While he slammed his dick into my mouth, his fingers twisted in my hair, cutting through my euphoric state with a sweet slice of pain.

"My turn," I heard Jessica say. I pulled back and turned to find

Jessica's cunt hovering in front of my face. She tilted my chin upward and said to me, "Come on. Lick my box. You know you want to."

She was right. I wanted to take a deep dive directly into her muff.

David wandered off, stroking his dick as he pondered his next playmate.

Meanwhile, seconds before I sealed my lips around Jessica's clit, the man fucking my pussy pulled out.

It was perfect timing, and I urged Jessica to get on the floor with me. Annie scurried over and settled herself right at Jessica's shoulder—a prime position to massage the other woman's breasts.

Annie fanned her fingers over Jessica's tits, allowing her nipples to peek out from between the parted digits. Jessica moaned softly; she loves tit play. Her back bowed, pushing her breasts hard against Annie's hands. Her legs opened wider, too. I nestled myself between Jessica's legs and ate her pussy with my ass held up high.

Whenever I'm in the mood for pussy, I go looking for Jessica. The girl loves getting eaten out, and I swear her juices are sweeter than every other sister in the house. Jessica likes her partners to make a meal out of her snatch, to lick every inch from her asscrack to her clit. People smart enough to take their time and thoroughly explore her sex are rewarded with an explosive finish, and grateful Jessica always returns the favor.

That day, her pearly-pink pussy lips were already glistening with dew. I nuzzled her snatch and suckled her cunt lips. I lapped at her slit, drinking down her honey. Her supple skin reminded me of a warm, sun-ripened peach. She was just as sweet and juicy, too. So tempting that I couldn't help but take a bite.

When I nipped her flesh, Jessica wailed. She's such an expressive lover. It's one of many reasons why I can't get enough of her.

My whole body fell into a sensual rhythm. My hips swayed in time to the beat of the tune that I hummed against her clit. I guess my revealing pose and sensual movements were too tempting for the boys. Almost immediately, a man's hands landed on my hips. This time, I knew for sure it was Martin. I could tell from the way his fingers clutched my plush body. He loves a lady with a little something extra to hold on to, and he's never been shy about praising my ample curves.

Martin's hands moved to my ass, and he spread my cheeks with his thumbs. His questing digits swept over my crack and caressed my asshole. He knows the best way to fire up my pussy is to play with my

"I nestled myself between Jessica's legs and ate her pussy with my ass held up high."

rear. It makes every action feels a thousand times more intense, from licking to finger-fucking. All he had to do to prime my pussy for his cock was stroke my asshole, and my libido would see to the rest.

I heard the snap of a fresh condom being removed from its packet. The sound of suction that followed suggested Sasha used her mouth to roll the condom onto Martin's shaft. It's one of her tricks. The sultry sound of smacking lips enflamed my lust, and the next thing I knew, Martin's dick was inside my cunt.

I lifted my head from Jessica's cunt long enough to groan, "Fuck yeah!"

Then I got right back to business.

Jessica's slippery juices coated my tongue, lips and chin, allowing me to glide over her cunt with all

the grace of an ice dancer. I kept my movements fluid, letting the steady sway of Martin's hips guide me. For me, much of the fun of group sex is the domino effect, that unparalleled moment of ecstasy when you absorb the joy your partner is giving and pass along the pleasure to another. I know every blissful moan that fell from my lips rumbled against Jessica's pussy, and Martin sure was making me moan. He does this thing where he circles his hips mid-thrust, adding an extra twist that really revs my engine. That alone could be enough to push me to the edge. But when he reached beneath my body to massage my clit, too, I was a goner.

Jessica's own moans were muffled now that Annie was sitting on her face, but I could smell and taste her arousal just as well. Her legs quaked, then her hips bucked and her honey gushed into my mouth.

Jessica and I were busy falling to pieces, while Martin orchestrated a changing of the guard.

"Come on in," I heard him say.

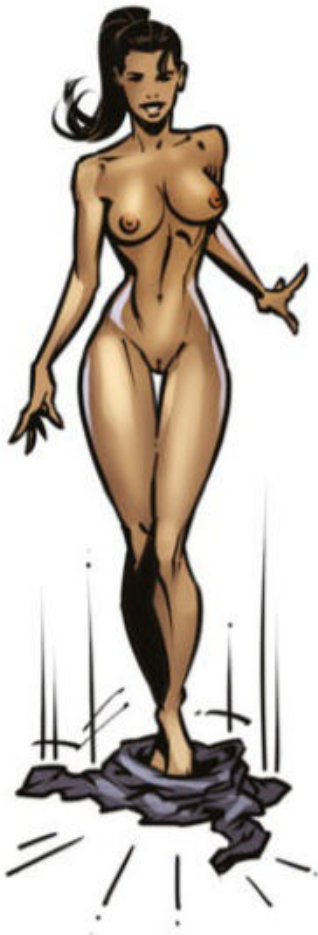
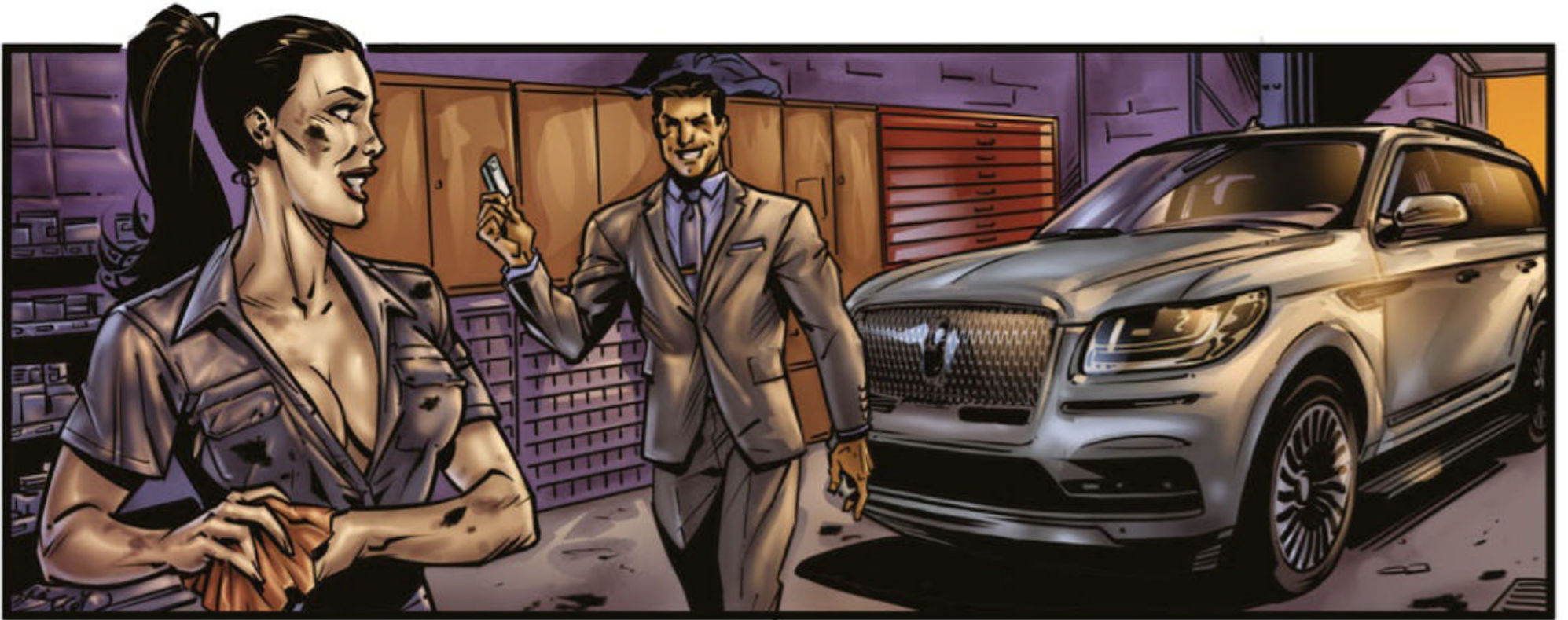
Martin pulled his dick from my pussy and made way for David. Even with my face buried deep in Jessica's muff, I knew it was David the moment he said, "Let's finish what we started."

David fucked me until I came again—just as hard as Jessica had—then he pulled out, flipped me over, whipped off his condom and shot his load all over my tummy and tits.

After David released his final spurt, Sasha and Annie used their tongues to clean me up for another round. We carried on for so long that I missed my classes that day, but it was worth it. Good sex will always come before my studies.

—N.B., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

OUT OF GAS

WHEN guys wander into my garage for the first time, I can tell they're shocked to see a woman working as a mechanic. In the end, they're always more than happy with my work, even if some of them act like asses because a chick knows how to fix their cars better than they do. But not every man acts like a jerk off the bat, and quite a few rev my motor. Like Lucas.

He drove up in a pricey SUV that was having an exhaust issue. He didn't seem surprised to see a grease-smudged girl with long dark hair slicked back in a ponytail. As I spoke with him, his eyes lingered at the front of my coveralls. The zipper was opened just enough to allow a glimpse of my cleavage. I liked what I saw, too. He was tall and broad-shouldered and had dark hair and deep blue eyes. He was a certified hunk, and I was ready to take him for a test drive.

Lucas handed me his keys, and I assured him I'd give him a call that afternoon with an estimate and let him know when he could pick up his vehicle. I glanced back at him as he walked out of my shop—and caught him glancing back at me. We both smiled wickedly, and I knew there was no hitting the brakes when it came to our attraction.

Long story short, by the time I was done with his SUV, it was purring—and I hoped he'd return the favor. But surprise, surprise—he couldn't come to fetch his ride until after closing time. I told him I'd wait for him; I expected him to express his appreciation.

Lucas came into the shop just after 5 p.m., wearing an expensive-looking suit. But I was more interested in what was beneath that fine fabric. I locked the door behind him to make sure we weren't interrupted. He settled up his bill in my office, and when I returned his credit card, our hands touched. It was an electric moment, just like in the movies.

Lucas took hold of my wrist and pulled me to him. Our lips met in a searing kiss. I felt like I was ready to melt into the cement and join the other oil-stained splotches on the floor.

"So, you're single?" I asked.

One thing I'd noticed in all my years of work, SUVs often equaled a wife and kids.

"Oh, you bet," he replied with a wolfish smile.

Lucas pulled down the zipper on the front of my coveralls, exposing my braless tits. Guys usually go wild for my nipples—and my new friend was no different. He sucked and nibbled on my nubs as I tangled my fingers in his thick hair.

I gave a little wiggle and let my coveralls slide to the floor. I stepped out of them, leaving me in nothing more than my socks and work boots. I hopped onto the desk and spread my legs, exposing my glistening pussy.

Lucas growled, rested one knee on a nearby chair and braced a hand against my desk as he dove between my thighs. He wasted no time, french-kissing my clit and making me moan. My cunt was streaming, and I felt my juices running from my hole and puddling beneath me. I squirmed amid the wetness on the desk as he used his lips and tongue to push me over the edge. I shouted out with ecstasy as my orgasm overwhelmed me. But the second I caught my breath, I positioned him against the desk and reached for his fly.

I quickly unfastened his pants and hauled out his hefty cock. I wrapped my lips around his crown and began to blow him. As my head bobbed at his crotch, Lucas loosened his tie. I liked that he was getting hot under the collar.

I continued slurping on his meat. He was gasping and panting as I pushed him to the breaking point. He pumped his hips and fucked my face, and I relaxed my throat and let him use me.

Lucas shrugged off his suit jacket, and I heard a metallic sound as a wedding band tumbled out of his pocket and hit the floor. I pulled away and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. I picked up the spinning ring and slammed it on the desk.

"Single, huh? I think we're done here," I said dismissively.

Lucas didn't even try to apologize. He just zipped up and took off.

Look, I've nailed plenty of married men, but I hate being lied to. I should have trusted my gut. But at least I got off. I also learned my lesson. Now, I stick to young guys with sports cars.

—J.K., Miami, Fla.

FLASHBACK

MISS SHONNA LYNNE

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 4
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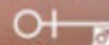
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